

LAWSUIT AVOIDED WHEN DEAN QUILTS

McClellan's Resignation Forestalls Contemplated Move to Investigate Wharton School

DATES BACK TO JANUARY 11

Resignation of Dr. William McClellan as dean of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania forestalls legal action for the appointment of a school "visitor" to investigate the conduct of the school by Dean McClellan and the board of trustees, as provided in the deed of gift of the late Joseph Wharton, the donor.

In announcing the resignation of Dean McClellan, Provost Smith said it had nothing to do with the mismanagement allegations made by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison S. Morris, but dates back to January 11 last.

The Morris charges were made following the resignation of Prof. J. Russell Smith because of alleged "starvation wages" paid the professors and assistants. Doctor Smith is now suggested by Mr. Morris as successor of Dean McClellan.

"Palimony" was tried with success to oust Dean McClellan, according to Mr. Morris, whose wife's daughter, Joseph Wharton, had this fall, members of the family say they would have asked the courts to appoint a "visitor."

Trying for Year "So he is out, eh?" Mr. Morris said when told of the resignation. "Well, Wharton Barker and J. Harrison Livingston, members of our family, who are trustees, have been trying for a year to bring about his displacement, because he only appointed by the trustees to investigate the Wharton School.

"They were unable to displace him, although the board told members of the board that he was not to be reappointed in October. There was a vote of the trustees and only three votes against him. It was therefore impossible to displace him, though he was discharging the Wharton School."

"I said to Mr. Barker that there was a remedy provided by Mr. Wharton in his deed of gift, namely, the appointment of a visitor by the court for a complete investigation of the Wharton School, but before we went to that extreme there was no more resource and that was publicly.

"The newspapers have sustained us in this and we are therefore successful. As a suggestion for a new dean, I would prefer the name of J. Russell Smith, who, it is noted, had the same salary as McClellan for the duties of professor added to those of dean, might be able to remain in the school."

Provost's Statement In announcing Doctor McClellan's resignation, Provost Smith says: "I think it desirable that it be announced that I have known for nearly three months from Doctor McClellan that he would not remain at the University of Pennsylvania for another year. On January 11 he wrote me asking me to consider his leaving as dean of the Wharton School, following this with his definite resignation. On April 1, when he handed me the budget for next year, he omitted his name, and at that time declined to reconsider his decision, though I have asked him



DR. WILLIAM MCCLELLAN

to remain until the end of his academic year, June 30.

Doctor McClellan, in discussing his resignation, declined comment on the controversy, but when the Wharton School has been visited.

"My relation with Provost Smith," he said, "has been very confidential from the present moment. I resigned last January because I had come to the conclusion that I could serve the university and the trustees as well as I could as dean of the Wharton School. When I resigned my home at Refinex in October, 1918, I am considering this matter, and decided that I would make one more in the Philadelphia region. I have no plans other than to resume my relations with the trustees of McClellan & Cannon with offices in New York and Philadelphia."

No Word as to Successor That the trustees have known of the resignation for some time was indicated by John C. Bell, former Attorney General. No hint of a possible successor, however, could be obtained.

John C. Bell laughed when the news that the resignation had been accepted was given to him. He admitted that he had been a confidant of Provost Smith regarding the matter for some time.

"You remember," he said, "that

URGES CHURCH UNION

The Episcopal Archbishop of Greece for Joining Three Faiths After Peace

Bishop Alexander, of Rhodes, on the Sea of Marmora, noting archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church, today expressed the hope that the union of the Greek Orthodox Church with the Anglican Church of England and the Episcopal Church in this country would speedily follow the treaty of peace.

The archbishop, who is visiting this country for the first time, coming as a representative of the Holy Synod, will address a conference of churchmen this afternoon in Witherspoon Hall. Bishop Humeiander, the Rev. Dr. William H. Roberts, the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell and others will greet the distinguished visitor.

"The Anglican Church may feel sure that the sympathy expressed for the Eastern Greek Orthodox Church is appreciated," said the bishop. "I am sure that following the conclusion of peace the results will be very satisfactory. I wish, with all my heart, that speedy steps may be taken to consummate the union of these churches."



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Leonid Andreiev

The famous Russian writer, says in his "Appeal to Humanity"

printed in

"STRUGGLING RUSSIA"

of April 26th

"One must, indeed, be insane not to understand the palpable and simple acts of Bolshevism! One must be sightless, stark-blind, or have eyes that see not, to fail to observe on the face of great, mutilated Russia murder without end, ruins, miles of cemeteries, dungeons and insane asylums; not to perceive what hunger and terror have done to Petrograd and, alas, to many other cities!

"One must be earless, stone-deaf, or have ears that hear not, to remain callous to the sob, the sigh and the wailing of the women, the heartrending cries of the children, the death-rattle of strangled men, the crackling of the assassins' rifles, the only music that has filled the air of Russia for the last eighteen months!

"One must, indeed, be a savage, become morally crippled like the Bolsheviki, to have eyes, a mind and a will and at the same time to remain indifferent to the inhuman conduct of the Bolsheviki and to call it anything else but crime, homicide, perversion and piracy.

"One must be completely devoid of every human sentiment and be equipped with the morality of an idiot to be able to say calmly at the sight of a scoundrel violating a woman or of an unnatural mother torturing her child, that that is 'their personal affair, and not to interfere under the pretext that such acts, no matter by whom committed, may pass under the banner of Socialism' or 'Communism.'"

"These words are sacred to mankind, and they have a power to charm men's souls. But when vicious buffoons style a band of ignorant and base hired Chinese cutthroats 'the vanguard of Chinese revolutionary democracy,' one must have a soul dead beyond hope of resurrection to be caught in such a shameful and miserable trap. Shameless, indeed, for the employment of yellow mercenaries to butcher Europeans is not recorded in the annals of any of the most despicable tyrannies of Europe.

"How painful to think that all Europe has for over a year watched with open eyes the spectacle of these exotic beasts tearing our hearts to shreds, and has not yet determined whether this is a 'vanguard of democracy' or a 'vanguard of devils' released from Hell in order to destroy our ill-starred Earth. They have looked on and yet they sent that invitation to the Princes' Islands!"

"The Allied invitation to meet the Bolsheviki at Prinkipo was either madness or treachery towards Russia, differing from Judas's treachery only by its immensity.

"If it was not Judas's treachery—perhaps it was Pilate's washing his hands when Russia comes to her cross. Was it worth while to start the great game with so much thunder and wind up with the faint treble of a Plate? Why was it necessary to defend the neutrality of Belgium, to rise in defense of Serbia, to rouse millions of men, to pour out oceans of blood, to threaten Germany with a terrible reckoning for her inhumanities, to weep over Louvain and the Lusitania, to call upon Heaven as witness and to pay homage for five years to the God of Mankind, and then finish up with a washing bowl?"

"The world waited for the victory of the Allies as for the ringing of Easter chimes, as for the resurrection of the dead. The very dead awaited it—the dead, whose lives

were the price of victory. Men had faith that the victory of these noble gentlemen would bring the reign of justice on earth, that the new world to be built would be a real world to live in and not the beginning of new torments, killings, arson and the extermination of the defenseless. And when the bells of victory did finally ring over the blood-stained Earth, oh, how many unfortunate humans sighted the dawn of hope and happiness! How earthen-black and fear-twitched grew the faces of the assassins at the sight of the rising order!

"Those were days of the fairy tale. Worn-out and somber Petrograd put on a smile and put her faith in the English as in the Almighty. It was a strange and happy dream, a dream that is dreamed only by martyrs. Every gunshot that roused us, we were certain came from English cannon, and we all rushed to the Neva to watch the English fleet that came in the night. The assassins trembled with fear. It seemed as if a scarecrow in the image of an Englishman would have sufficed to start the whole brood of these Cains in a panicky flight.

"You are firm in accusing, with amusing relentlessness, the old, miserable and wretched Wilhelm. You are intent upon trying him for the sins of his people, while at the same time you stretch out your hands towards those robust mankillers, monsters and mongrels still bathing in the blood of the innocents. The Assassin feels now that his shoulder is being patted, that he is being encouraged. He thinks no more of flight. He is laughing in derision of you."

"To you, men of Europe and America, in whose nobility I still believe today as I believed yesterday, am I directing my appeal!

"As a wireless operator on a sinking vessel in the thick blackness of the night sends out his last appeal, 'Help, quick, we are sinking, save us!' so I, moved by my faith in the goodness of man, am sending out into distance and darkness my prayer for my people who are sinking.

"If you only knew how dark is the night around us, if my words could only convey its density and depth! Whom am I calling? I know not. Does the wireless operator know who may intercept his call? For thousands of miles around the ocean may be deserted and not a living soul may overhear his appeal.

"The night is dark. The sea is frightful. But the operator has not lost faith, and he calls persistently, to the very last minute, until the last light is gone and his apparatus is silenced forever.

"What does he trust in? He trusts in humanity, and so do I. He trusts in the law of human love and life. It is impossible that one human being will deny help to another in his hour of perdition. It is impossible that one human being will abandon another to perish without attempting to help. It is impossible that such an appeal for help will not receive any response!"

"Not for the Russian people do I pray for help. To save the Russian people is too great a problem, and God alone is the master of its life and death.

"In these sorrowful days when the scorn and laughter of fools is the lot of great and trampled-in-the-dust Russia, I bear with pride my Russian name and firmly believe

in the future and glory of Russia. Such giants like Russia cannot perish! Whether the Allied Governments come to Russia's aid or she is left alone to free herself from the putrid swamps, it matters not. In the destined hour Russia will rise from her grave, will come out into the path of light and will take up her place among the great nations of the earth. That which frightens us poor mortals, whose life is but a fleeting moment, is but a single heartbeat in the life of a great and immortal people.

"No, not help for Russia do I ask of you, man, whom I so eagerly await. I think of the thousands who have only one brief life—eternity's briefest moment—and who are dying now in unbearable sufferings, or live a life worse than death itself. It is immaterial what names they bear, Russian or other, but it is all-important at this hour that they are human beings, tormented without a ray of light, as if within the very gates of Hell, from where there is no return and where the forces of evil and terror reign unchecked over all. Their sufferings may yet be alleviated and their necks may yet be freed from the claws of death. For their salvation I beseech mankind.

"Friend! I do not even attempt to tell you how frightful life is in Russia at present, in our tormented Petrograd. Others have told enough and new words cannot be coined by the human tongue. It is frightful when children starve and perish and assassins are well fed and 'Trotzky is pouring down his throat the last bottle of milk. It is frightful when the cemeteries of Petrograd have no more room for the dead, and the murderers have a free road not only to the Princes' Islands, but to all the ends of the world, and the wealth they have stolen will enable them to live in balmy lands and in the most attractive corners of our mercenary globe."

"I appeal to you, Frenchman, Englishman and American. I appeal to all of you, individually. I appeal to you, Americans, who yearn that the torch of your liberty should cast light on Europe. Come to us! Look and you will cry out with horror, and curse those deceivers who brought tyranny to the freedom-craving Russian people.

"And you, Italian, Swede and Hindu, all who may hear my call. There are men with hearts among all of you, and to these, to all of them, I direct my appeal. For the hour has come when the inhabitants of the whole world must battle not for land, riches or power, but for Man and his victory over the Beast.

"All that is taking place in Russia today and that which has started and may continue in Germany, going further and further, is not revolution. It is chaos and darkness, called forth by the war from the blackest human caves and armed by the war for the destruction of the world.

"Let the tired rest. Let the weak-need warm themselves in their snug corners; let him who can sleep in this terrible night; but you, the strong, the vigilant, whose hearts are brave, come to the help of those who are perishing in Russia.

"My last appeal is to you, writers of all nations! Support my prayer for those who perish. I appeal to those of you who write with their blood and nerves! Help us! Don't you understand the danger confronting mankind? Help Russia! Act immediately!"

This is a part of Leonid Andreiev's appeal—an appeal which must thrill the heart of every man and woman throughout the world. Read it in full in "Struggling Russia," of April 26, 1919.

We want the Bolsheviki to read it, and we want the parlor-Bolsheviki to read it. The latter will probably understand the crime they are committing in going about and speaking of the regime of murder in Russia as a "new and higher form of democracy."

And, above all, we want every honorable American to read it: The Russian problem at this moment is the central World Problem. The struggle between the Russian democracy and the Bolshevist tyranny is a struggle between the forces of humanity on one hand and the forces of murder and destruction on the other.

Do not fail to read "STRUGGLING RUSSIA." The Russian problem is the central World Problem of today. Single Copy 5c. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.50 A YEAR; 75c.—SIX MONTHS Trial Subscription: You may send 25c (coin or money-order) and receive "Struggling Russia" for eight weeks.

Read "Struggling Russia" if you are interested in the Russian situation. Read "Struggling Russia" if you are interested in Bolshevism and its nature and want to know how to combat this dark power. Read "Struggling Russia" if you are interested in the future of the World, because the fate of Russia will define this future.

The first five issues of the magazine contain articles by Catherine Breshkovsky, Nicholas Tchaikovsky, Alexander Kerensky, Paul Miliukov, C. M. Oberoucheff, Leonid Andreiev, Vladimir Bourtzov and others. The issue of April 26th, besides the "Appeal to Humanity," by Leonid Andreiev, contains the following articles: "How to Help Russia," by Catherine Breshkovsky; "The Victorious March of the Anti-Bolshevist Armies," by A. J. Sack; "Mir, Zemstvo and Soviet," by M. K. Eroshkin; "The Recent Past of Russia's Industry," by J. A. Gavrilov; Cables from the Russian Telegraphic Agency at Omsk. Russian Documents: 1. The City of the Dead (Petrograd under the Bolshevist rule); 2. Have the Socialists-Revolutionists united with the Bolsheviki? 3. Declaration of the Russian Political Conference in Paris with regard to the problem of nationalities in Russia; 4. The Voluntary Army in Southern Russia (an address by Gen. A. I. Denikine).

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- \$2.50 Taffeta Silk, \$2.10 A good quality for summer frocks, light and dark navy, Copenhagen, drift, duck, taupe, seal and gray; 36 inches wide. \$2.25 Messaline, \$1.75 yard Beautiful shades of navy, taupe, brown, duck, Victory and black; 45-inch. \$2.25 Foulards, \$1.85 yard An excellent weave in pretty designs, 36 inches wide. \$2.50 Silk Broadcloth, \$1.95 Washable White Silk Broadcloth for waists, dresses and men's shirts; 32-inch. \$2.50 Jersey Silk, \$2.15 White Jersey Silk, washable, 32 inches wide. \$2.50 Tub Silks, \$2.10 Tub Silks in stripes and colors; for waists, dresses and men's shirts; 32-inch. Remnants at Half Price Odd lengths up to 5 yards; practically every kind of Silk is included; all at half the regular prices.

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